NEW YORK RESLLE, SUNDAY, JUNE 21 1805

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FLORING, A TALE OF THE FIRST CAUSADES - By W. B. Mac Cabe. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore. The author of this tale is one of the most distinguished members of the British press, for many years connected with the London Chronicle and the London Herald, now the able editor of the Dabria Weekly Telegraph, and the author of a Catholic History of England, and other standard works Notwithstanding the more serious pursuits in which he has been engaged, Mr. MacCabe has found time to occasionally employ his pen in light literature. He is the author of several charming tales, in all of which a high moral and religious purpose is visible and there is no writer, in short, whose works have greater currency amongst the members of his own

His last novel-"Florine"- although, like all his tales having direct reference to one particular object—the glorification of the Catholic codesisatical system, yet possesses an interest for the general reader spart from that feature. A litelong study of the monastic writers for historical purposes, has stored his mind with a wast amount of information respecting the ideas and habits of the early Christian ages, and in a parrative professing to delineate the manners of those times, he is enabled from this fact to impart to it an actuality and life-like fidelity, which transport us, as it were, bodi'y to the times and scares of which he treats. In the story of "Florius," Mr. MacCabe pourtrays one of the most interesting episcdes in the struggle of the Cross against the scent—the siege and capture of Antioch. Tae plot is simple but powerfully wrought out-its ints rest being maintained less by the usual predom nating influence of the love element than by the dramatic force of its incidents, the glowing vivilness of its descriptions, and the general accuracy of its local and historical datalle. We have said enough to give to our readers a general idea of the merits of the story. We will now proceed to give a few extracts, which will enable them to judge for

themselves.

THE RENEGADS.

In the largest apartment of one of the highest towers that flanked the walls of Antioch, and from the narrow orifices of which was commanded a view of the Christian encampment, there stood a man, cased in the thick plate armor which, worn then by the furs alone, was afterwards adopted by the Christians, and preferred by them to the chem or scale armor in which they had previously been invertibly arrayed. The thin, grizzled hair of this man showed that he had passed the middle period of life; and the dark wrinates in his high forebead, and upon his hollow cheeks, and his sad downess tye, served to prove that anxities and cares had with him outnumbered his years, and were fast hastening him to his grave. The contraction of his brow, the sudden twitching of his fingers, as they played unconsciously with the belt or hilt of his sword, and then unconsciously stood still, as unconsciously to renew his solitary pace, afforded abundant evidence that within that weat ened body there was a heart ill at east—a mind diseastified with itself—a conscience that was not to be hushed, and that would not be quieted into repose.

The man, as he walked up and down the apartment, suddenly stopped!

A new object had attracted his attention.

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A fissh of light had burst upon the horizon, and for a moment his eyes were dazzled with a novel, unexpected, and unlooked for brightness.

What could it be?

He looked again—or rather he continued to look with a long, unswerving, steady gaze, on what at first attracted his attention; and then he perceived that, in the midst of a dark winter's day, the sun had suddenly cloven out for itself a road of light, and its glittering rays were now covering, as if with myriads of sparkling, dazzling diamonds, a polished golden image of the crucified Redeemer, which had been that day erected, for the first time, in front of the light bias tent and snow white cross that denotes the abode and banner of Adelmar, the Papa Legate and Biahop of Puy.

The man continued to gaze, until the object he so looked upon was lost in the blinding tears that, in despite of his stubborn heart, gushed to his eyes, and forced his reluctant memory tack to the days of his childhood, when a mother total him what that symbol meant, and wherefore mertais, when they look upon it, should bow their head in reversine, and asy—for so the had told him—"Sweet Saviour! look with pity upon me, a sinner."

The man knew that he was alone—alone—quite alone;

child.

These strong emotions passed away; and when he again gazed forth upon the plans of Aution, the sunlight had departed, and the golden image could with difficulty be distinguished amid the banners, ensigns, flags, and crosses, that crowded the distant Christian

with the sunlight had departed his feelings of devo-tion, but they had not visited the man in vain, for they had stirred up remores from its innermost depths, and compelled him to think of what he was and what he had

compelled him to think or what he was and what he had been.

He rose heavily and with difficulty from his knees, for the agility of youth was no longer in his limbs; and, as he did so, his hand accidentally touched the figure of "the crescent" which formed an crasment on the front of his helmet. A thrill of horror trembled through his frame at the touch.

"The crescent on my head! and that head has bowed down before the cross! Oh! miserable! miserable! A renegade! not true to God nor Mammon. A double traitor; forsworn on all sides; neither to be bound by the hopes of my youth, nor the promises of my manhood. A believer in Christ, a feudatory to Mahomet!"

And so wept the renegade—so sat he with his face burled in both his hands, he knew not how long, for new emotions were throbbing in his heart, when a missenger entered the room, to say that a Greek named Alexander, of Constantinople, requested permission to speak with him.

"Admit him," said the renegade.

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So deeply engaged was this man with his own thoughts that he forgot both the message and the messager the moment the latter had quitted the apartment. He changed, however, his attitude, for instead of resting his face on both his hands, he leant his cloow on the table, and supporting his head in the open hand, as he gazed apwards, he remained so absorbed in contemplation as not to notice the entrance of the person who saked for an interview with him. And as he thus leant has k with pale face and grizzled hair, and eyes dismand with tears, which still trickied in his hollow cheeks, he looked the emblem of profound grief in its saddest aspect, for in his case it was grief—combined with old age and fragile health.

emblem of profound grief in its suddest aspect, for in his case it was grief—combined with old age and fragile bealth.

The Greek, as he entered the room, removed from his clustering black looks the rich volvet cap which usually covered them, and bowed low and reverentially to the renegade; but as he did so, instantly perceived that not lifer his entrance nor his greeting had been observed.

The Greek, as he noticed this, passed as he was proceeding to the spot at which the renegade was seated, and looked at him fer some time with a curious, inquiring, searching gaze, as if he felt an interest in the investigation; but if there was an interest felt, there certainly was no sympathy, for the expression of the face continued unmoved, the eye glittered as brilliantly, aye, and as malignantly too, as that of a snake; and on the lip was the same cold, caim, heartless simper, rather than smile, which the man first wore as he entered the room.

The renegade still ast in the same attitude of lassitude and of grief, unconscious of the presence of the stranger. The Greek's curiosity was at length folly satisfied, and he determined to make his presence known; and, therefore, advancing up in he appartment, he muttered to himself, "He is much changed—more than I expected;" and then speaking aloud, he said:—

"De I not stand in presence of the Emir Foroz, commander of the round towers of Antoch?"

"Such is my name—such too my title," answered the renegade. "Thy name and business, stranger?"

"My name," said the stranger, "in Alexander of Constantinople; my business is that of my master, the high and mighty Prince, Alexius, Emperor of the Greeks."

"I had a sen named Alexander," remarked the renegade, in a sad tone; "the should be about thy sge. I

high and mighty frince, attents, hapter fireds."

"I had a son named Alexander," remarked the renegade, in a sad tome; "the should be about thy age. I pray thy pardon, stranger, but there is something in the sound of thy voice awakens the thoughts of my son. What was tay father's name;"

"I entreat your Excellency not to press me to tell my father's name," replied the Greek.

"And wherefore?" asked Feroz.

"Because I am not proud of my father," said Alexander.

changed into an opposite feeting, such as aversion. Ne, I do not dislike him—I merely despise h.m."
"Becipies him! despise thy own (s.her; these are terrible words for a young men to apeak."
"Better to speak the truth, however harsh, than false-hood, however agreeable."
"True, true—I forgot," said Feroz, writhing with the mental agony he was enduring. "But, can word more on a subject which must be as painful to you as —""
"Fainful to me!" said the Greek, "not in the slightest degree painful to me. I feel honored that one enjoying your Eminence's exaited condition saould condescend to converse with me on any subject whatsoever; and, therefore, to speak to you about myself is so far from being painful, I do assure you it is very gratifying."
"Ferhaps so, perhaps so," said Feroz; "but to me the subject is painful, and, therefore, I shall sak thee one question—but one question more—why dost thou despise thy father?"
"Because," replied the Greek, and he bowed low to Feroz, as he spoke the words, "he aiways gave me by his own conduct—a had example."

Figor fell back on his seat, from which he had risen whilst speaking to the Greez, and, closing his eyes for a moment, he exclaimed, in the bitter agony of his heart, "It is just, O Lord! most just this punishment. The recorpion torques of wicked children can milite the most bitter wounds upon the withered hearts of wicked parents."

Within the crescent-shaped table, which stretched from side to side, and the outermost edge of the tent, there was a wide space unoccupied, except by minatrols or mountebanks, as they came by turns to seek for applause from the multitudes that thronged around, and in addition to such applause, a pecuniary reward for their talents or their tricks, from lords and ladies seated at the feature heard.

In this manner were passing the hours of the evening on the sums day on which Gunhilda was restored the for count, who now and by her side, and he eventored the for count, who now and by her side, and he eventored the for county in the own and the side, and her was the watchfull Zara. He gard of a mental attendant, was the watchfull Zara. He gard of a mental attendant, on a mode of the watch of the county of the county

at last she seless the sliver dishes, and flieging them up in the air one after the other, she cas the cole a 10 was spinning round, on the point of a sweet as it fell, and so carried them one in each hand around the test to the delight of the enthusiastic ancisence.

The grace, the beauty, the perfection, the delicary with which each trick was performed, was so superior to that of the first juggler, that as he looked around he found all eyes were fixed in aimiration upon his rivel.

"What can be the meaning of this?" he exclaimed. "It can have no other object than to mar my purpose. This woman must know why I am here, and is determined upon it herefore gwith me. I will bear this suspense no knyer."

Et appreciabled the woman, and as he did so, he flong three halls in the air as if he were playing with them, and spoke so that none but herself could hear him.

"Hat thou come here to take from me my large."

flong three tails in the air as if he were playing with them, and spoke so that none but herself coult hear him.

"Hast thou come here to take from me my largester If so thou cans't have it. Take all the money that may be given, and wait for me outside the cam?" The women still hept playing the swords and dubes as she repited to hem:—"Yes, so that thou mightest murder me, and take all the money I had collected. Instrict would be worthy of the base Selim."

"What! thou knowsat me?" said the man, stopping his play.

"Yes, I do, villain," replied the woman, as ahe tossed the two dishes, with an energing sim, back on the table from which she had taken them, "and am determined to lose my life, or save him whom thou now sockest basely to murder," and as she spoke the words she dropped the points of the two swords to the ground.

Applauses again burat forth when the playing of both art, is ceased; and expectation was spain excited. "I came here," said the man, "to lose my life, or to take his. Pegone, woman, tuen, at once. Thintest thou I will spare thee, when I will not spare myself?"

"Wretch," said the women, "thou dost not come here feartlessly to fight a man, as a brave soldier encounters his camen; thou comest here basely to elay him, in the presence of his betrothed. It is fitting thou shouldst cite by the hand of a women."

"He I now I know thee," said the man, "thou art Yare," replied the women, "as surely as thou art the

cie by the hand of a woman."

"Ha! now I know thee," said the map, "thou art Zara."

"Aye," replied the women, "as surely as thou art the coward Selim. Away, then, wellst thou hast time to fly. Remain here with the fell purpose of murder in thy heart, and I tell thee, as surely as my name is Zara, thou shalt never leave this star a living man."

"Fool!" said Selim, "I have laid my plans securely, to ten minutes after I have strack down Swein, there is scarcely one of the gaping fools whose applauses are now ringing in our ears that will be living men. The hows are agawn, and the arrows are out of the quivers, which shall be warm in the heart's blood of Florune, and of every base Christian that sits at that table."

"Then," replied Zara, "it is the more necessary to elsy thee. If the good are to die, the wicket who have caused their death should be involved in their destruction. There," said she, flinging one of the two swords the fled in her hand on the ground, 'take that and defend thy life as best thou can. The lookers on, be sure of it, will not interrupt us, norcome to the assistance of either, for they fancy we are but two wrelched jugglers, and that what we do is but in mockery, and nearly to please them."

Accath paleness overspread the face of Selim. He had beco glattly wounded by this macypected appearance of Zara before him; and instead of being able to assassinate at any member the pleased the unsuspecting Swein, he now found himself forced to take up a sword and defend his own life sgainst one he knew to be as vindictive as she was fearless. Still he was aware that his opponent was a woman, and he believed himself to be as superior to her in skill as in strength; but how was be to escape when he had sixth her, from the lookers on, or how was he then to avoid the general carnage which he had himself prepared for Florine and her followers?

Such were the various and conflicting considerations that make the word of Selim trouble as it crossed that

was be to escape when he had slate her, from the lookers on on or how was he then to avoid the general carnage which he had himself prepared for Florine and her followers?

Such were the various and conflicting considerations that made the sword of Selim fremble as it crossed that held in the steady grasp of Zars.

A buss of applause came from the delighted spectators when they heard the first clash of blade against blade, being certain they should now behold a most megnificent specimen of the sword exercise in a mimic single combat. None but the combatants themselves remarked that each had in the left hand a small dagger, which at the same moment both draw together.

The combat was a brief one; so brief, that it was over almost as soon ag it begun.

As Selim and Zira crossed their swords, each followed the first cut at one another's heads by a stab which Zara had failed to parry, but which stuck in her thick quilted slik jacket, but could not penetrate it; whilst her thrust at Selim, though partially parried by his dagger, yet alid along the ribs, training the firsh as it passed onward. The pain of the wound inflamed the rage of Selim; he threw in his blows in quick succession, one upon the other, and as he did so, compelled Zara rapidly to give ground before him.

Great was the applause as the fire sparks struck from the sword blades in those desperate blows and skillut parries.

At last Zara appeared to stumble, and Selim rushed in upon her, and as he did so, her nimble left hand crossed his right wrist with the dagger, and at the same instant it was plunged to the hift in the side of his neck; and Selim with that blow bounded up from the earth, and then, without a groun, fell on his face.

Zara did, and grasping the rope which hung down in what might be now considered as the area in which gladiators had been fighting, she caught at it, and which ashort run and vectores jump, she made it was plain which ashort run and vectores when he here cot his neck it, and which ashort run and vectores who he had precede

Acclamation marked her exit as her entrance, and then the eyes of all were turned to Selim, expecting to see him rise, and, like those who had preceded him, go around the fable, where sat dames, anights and nobles, calling out largesse, largesse.

Selim remained still—perfectly still. There was no motion in a single limb. Not a tinger moved, but there he lay with his face buried in the earth.

The applause continued; but then, as if the same thought had occurred at the same instant to every spectator, the applause as suddenly ceased—every voice became mute. There was the silence of death all around, and a sudden chill of terror seemed to fall on every bolsterous spirit in that festive assembly.

"My beloved," said Florine, turning to Swein, "I fear semething terrible has happened to that poor man who is lying there. It is our privilege to succour the distresses. Come with me."

Sweine and Florine, followed by Gunbilda, descended from their throne. Their guests rose as they did so; but Florine motioned to them to remain sitting, and then, holding Gunbilda's hand in hers, she walked after Swein around the table to the place where Selim was still lying.

There was no perceptible motion in the prostrate body.

bolding Gunbilda's hand in hers, she walked after Swein around the table to the place where Selim was still lying.

There was no perceptible motion in the prostrate body. Swein stooped down and turned round Selim, so that as he was turned his staring eyes seemed to gaze on the face of Gunhida, and the moment she naw him, she sbricked and cried slond, "O God! it is the face of the wretch who bore me away from the Christian encangment, and who has vowed, Swein, to take thy life. Touch him not—touch him not—this is but a device to slay thee. Oh! horrible! horrible!"

And as Gunhida spoke these words, she fell to the carth completely inventible.

"Florine," said Swein, "look to thy cousin. This man is cying or dead, and no matter what evil he may have contemplated against me, I forgive him, and shall do my utmost to preserve him. I will bear him in my arms to my own couch."

As the noble prince spoke these words, he stooped, rassed up the body of Selim, and turned to say to an attendant, "Bid Frother Bernard hasten to me—it is to save life and sou!"

Such were the last words ever spoken in this world by Prince Swein of Demmark; for at the moment an arrow, shot with a sure and deadly aim, struck him in the forehead, and prostrate to the carth fell the dead bodies of the intended victim and the intended assassin.

Abbour's Life of NALOLEON BONAPARTE. Har-

ABBOTT'S LIFE OF NALOLEON BONAPARTS. Har-

per Brothers.

The complete edition of this work, which has so long been a prominent feature of Harper's Magazine has just been published. It forms two handsome royal cctave volumes, with the same cuts by which it was before illustrated, but with a larger and more legible type. We have had occasion so frequently to criticise the merits of this production of Mr. Abbott that it only remains for us to notice the fact of its re-appearance in its new shape. What-ever may be the objections taken to the strong tone of partizanship which pervades it, there can be no question as to the ability with which it is written. one of the most interesting and picturesque blogra-phical narratives that has ever been penned. In an historical point of view, too, it possesses a certain va-lue. It gives us the alteram partem which has so long been wanting to complete the historical justice which has never yet been rendered to the motives and actions of the great Emperor.

Physical Geography of the Sea, by Lieut. Maury, U.S. N. Marje: Brothers. If the results of Lieut. Maury's scientific labors and been confined to this work alone, he might be content to rest his reputation upon it. Opening up a new and most important branch of scientific remost deeply interesting philosophical treatises that has emanated from the pen of any writer of the last balf century. It gives us not only a closely reasond account of the winds and currents of the sea, but of the circulation of the atmosphere and ocean; of the temperature and depth of the sea; of the wonders that are hidden in its depths, and of the phenomeca which display themselves at its surface Notwithstanding that the utmost attention has been paid to scientific accuracy in all its details, the style of the work is so simple and popular that it will be intelligible to all capacities. Speaking of the Guif Stream, Lieut. Maury mentions a fact that is no doubt new to most of our readers: -

doubt new to most of our readers; —

As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and as the deep sea ther mometer is sen't down, it shows that these waters, though still far warmer than the water on either side at corresponding depths, gradually become less and less warm until the bettom of the current is reached. There is reason to believe that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are knowhers permitted, in the occanic economy, to tou he the bottom of the sea. There is every where a cushion of cool water between them and the solid parts of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico, where otherwise it would become excessive, and to disperse it in regions beyond the Adaptive for the amelloration of the climates of the British lebuds and of all Western Europe. Now celd water is one of the best non-conductors of heat, and if the warm water of the Gulf Stream was sent across the Adaptic in contact with the solid crust of the earth—comparatively a good conductor of heat—instead of being sent across, set it is in contact with a cold non-conducting cushion of cool water to fend it from the bottom, all its heat would be bast in the first part of the way, and the soft climates of both France and Ergland would be as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme, and ice-bound.

Nature And Human Nature, by the author of "Sam Shick, the Cickmaker." Stringer & Townsend.

Judge Haliburton has treated us to snother votume of his quaint, humorous, powerfully written defineations of the oddities and peculiarities of sectal life. The manner in which we are again intreduced to our old friend Sam is somewhat different from that in which we last met him. The worthy clockmaker having received a roving commission from the President of the United States to visit the coast of Nova Scotia, and report to him fully on the state of the fisheries, he propeds there and spends his time both pleasantly and profitably. His present journal is supposed to be an accurate record of his observations and moralizings during his sejourn in the province. They will be found little less instructive and amusing than the results of his previous wanderings.

ON HUMAN LONGEVITY AND THE AMOUNT OF LIFE ON THE GLOBE, by Professor Flourese, of the French Academy of Sciences. Bailliere.

This is an exceedingly curlous and interesting treatise. It condenges into the thickness of a small brochure the results of the labors of a host of scientific writers, with the author's own conclusions. The questions which it examines may be thus briefly summed up:—1. The Amount of Life; 2. The apbearance of Life upon the Globe; 3. The fixity of species; 4. The Species Destroyed and Lost. In these are included incidentally the conditions of human longevity, of the continuity of life and of old age. In reference to the opinion of Mr. Reveille Farise, that the beginning of the decrease of the anibull economy is in the respiratory organs themselves, and that in fact this is the first origin—the starting point of old age--Professor Flourens says:-" I pannot adopt this opinion. Old age does not commen te at an organ. It is not a local, but a general phenomenon. All our organs grow old. Moreover, it is not always at the same organ that we feel the first effects of age; it is sometimes one, sometimes stother, according to our individual constitutions." MOUNTAINS AND MOLEHILLS, OR RECOLLECTIONS OF

A BURNT JOURNAL, by Frank Marryatt. Harper Brothers. The value of this narrative consists almost entire" ly in the peculiar idicsyncrasy of the writer. Al that he tells us we already knew from various other sources; but it is the manner of telling, as much as the matter told, which frequently imparts interest to a book. Mr. Murryatt has a quaint, odd why of expressing bimself, and a turn for the humorous, which make him a very pleasant if not a very instructive companion, and we can safely re-commend his journal to the notice of our readers.

SPRECHES AND ADDRESSES BY THE HON. H. W. HILLIARD. Harper Brothers. The publication of a volume of speeches by a politician argues that his own appreciation of their value is greater than that of his contemporaries, who would otherwise have saved him the task. Mr. Hilliard is unquestionably a man of great talent, but we confess we do not recognize either the literary

THE WINKLES, OB THE MERRY MONOMANIACS. AMERICAN PICTURE, WITH PORTBAITS OF THE NATIVES. Appleton & Co.

The author of this story is already favorably

known to the public by his "Wild Western Scenes, which were published a few years ago. The present tale, although not always adhering to the vrai semblable in its in idents, is amusing in its droll coneption of character and general liveliness of fancy. t would, however, be difficult to find originals for some of its portraits.

CONSTANCE HERBERT, by Garaldine E. Jewsbury.

Harper & Brothers.

This new tale of Miss Jewsbury is, like all her other works, characterized by deep thought, shrewd perception, and a playful wit which scintillates throughout its pages, without effort or elaboration, showing that it is a spontaneous gift. The story is one of these strong, powerfully drawn pictures of human life which at once arrest the attention of the reader and hold it spell-bound until its close.

THE CONSCRIPT, by Alexander Dumas. Stringer

This is a story of French rural life into the current of which Dumas' pen seems now to be entirely di-tected, since he has exhausted the field of history for his subjects. It is marked by all the defects and all the exaggerations of his style, but at the same time possesses all that force of imagination and epigrammatic brilliancy which impart such a charm to his works. The Conscript may be ranked smongst the very best of his productions.

Household Words, by Charles Dickens. Dix &

The July number of this intesting publication has some excellent papers, amongst which may be spe-cified "The Muse in Livery," "The Plagues of Loudon," "Two Chapters on the Crimes, by the Roving Englishman," and "Boots and Corns." There are few periodicals whose literary merits are so well

PUBLICATIONS ANNOUNCED. "The Old Farm House," by Caroline Butler Loring, will be ready by the flist of next month. Tae new religious novel advertised by Garrett & Co., under the title of "Which the Right Which the Lett?" will be published about the same time.

A rew work, by Col. W. Spalding, of Richm Virginia, on Japan and the Japanese, is also an neunced. Col. Spalding is well known through the South as a gentleman of distinguished talents and high social position. He recently returned to this ocun'ry from Japan, in the steam frigate Mississip pi, and besides the journal which he kept, he has in la presession a large coffection of charts, and drawhis presession a large collection of charts, and drawings of the scenery, costumes and other remarkable objects that fell under his observation during his sejourn there. No officer connected with the Japan expedition had better opportunities or greater facilities for making himself thoroughly acquainted with the singular babits and customs of this very in telligert and interesting people. His forthcoming volume is likely, therefore, to secure a circulation larger than the start of any book that has as we know applicable. then that of any book that has as yet been published

on the subject.

We have been favored with some extracts from Col. Spaiding's manuscript, which we think we may without indiscretion lay before our readers :-

It was at Simods, on a Control our reas

I reached the shore before them, and a number of the villagers around stood on the glistening white beach by villagers around stood on the glistening white beach by two young other carren, when I was approached by two young Japanese. whose dress and address told that they were gentlemen in their lend. They were the rich brocked by two young Japanese. whose dress and address told that they were gentlemen in their lend. They were the rich brocked by two young Japanese. whose dress and address told that they dress the summit of their feesh, and the light blase of ar moother than "a stubble land at harvest home." After the characteristic beneded and have pesseing adatation, accompanied with the apinated "oh," which cally a Japanese can do exactly, which Joularly replaced to the process of the p

the precilied by men of intelligence and taste:

Two reholars of Yedo, in Japan, named Isagi Kooda and Kwanuchi Marji, present this letter to the high efficers or others who manage affairs.—That which we have received is meagre and trifling, as are our persons insignificant, so that we are ashamed to come before distinguished personages. We are ignorant of arms and their uses in battis, nor do we know the rules of strategy and discipline. We have, in short, uselessly whiled away our months and years, and know nothing. We heard a little of the customs and knowledge of the Europeans and Americans, and have desired to travel about in the five great continents, but the maritime prohibitions of our country are exceedingly strict, so that for the foreigners to enter the "inper land," or for natives to go to other countries, are alike among the immutable regulations. Therefore our desire to travel has been checked, and could only go to and from our breasts, unable to find utterance, and our feet so hampered that we could not stir.

This had been the case many years, when happily the arrival of so many of your ships anchoring in our waters, now for several days, and our careful and repeated observation of the kind and humane conduct of your officers and their love for others, has revived the cheriabed deaire of years, which now struggles for its exit. We have decided on a plan, which is, very privately to take us aboard of your ships and carry us to sea, that we may travel over the five continents, even if by so doing we dieregard our laws. We hope you will not regard our humble request with disdain, but rather enacle us to carry it out. Whatever we are able to do to serve, will be considered as an order so soon as we hear it.

When a lame man sees another walking, or a pedes-

When a lame man sees another walking, or a pedestrian sets another ricing, would he not be glad to be in his place? How much more to us, who, for our whole lives, could not go beyond 30 deg E. and W., or 25 deg. N. to S., when we behold you come riding on the high wind, and careering over the vast waves, with lightning speed coasting along the five continents, does it appear as if the lame had a way to walk, or the walker an opportunity to ride!

We hope you who manage affairs will condescend to grant and regard our request, for as the restrictions of our country are not yet removed, if this matter becomes known we shall have no place to fice, and doubtless will suffer the extremest penalty, which result would greatly grieve your kind and benevolent hearts towards your fellow men.

We trust to have our request granted, and also that you will secrete us until you sail, so as to avoid all risk

We trust to have our request granted, and also that you will secrete us until you sail, so as to avoid all risk of endangering life. When we return here at a future day, we are sure that what has passed will not be very closely investigated. Though rude and unpractised in speech, our desires are earnest, and we hope you will regard us in compassion, nor doubt or oppose our request. April 14.

An additional note enclosed, was:—The enclosed letter contains the earnest request we have had for many days, and which we tried in many ways to get off to you at Yokobama, in a fishing boat by night, but the crussers were too thick, and none others were allowed to come along side, so that we were in great uncertainty what to do. Learning that the ships were coming here, we have come to wait, intending to reize a punt and compt off, but have not succeeded. Trusting that your heavers will consent, after people are quiet to morrow night, we will be at Kakiraki in a punt, at a place where there are no houses, ear the beach. There we greatly desire you to come and meet us, and thereby carry out our hopes to their fruition.—April 25.

PROVINCIAL IDEAS OF THE PRESENT CRISIS ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION.—The editor of the Halifax Sun, in his paper of June 14th, comments as follows upon the present state of affsirs in the United States:—"When, the other day, we stated our conviction that the slavery question would issue in a disruption of the Union, we did not write unadvisedly. The slavery controversy has evidently reached a point which admits of no new compromise. The demands of the pro-slavery party cannot be reconciled with those of the stout opponents of the system. The stungle is in such a stage that no astisfactry adjustment of the difficulty is possible. The sturdy North has unfurled the banner of defiance again to kidnap a son of Africa, a fugitive from the South. Massachusetts has proclaimed as law that free soil makes free men, be they black or white. And, considering the temper and admitted strength of the Northern sections of the republic, it is certain that the general government is power-less to coerce the reculant sovereignties into obedience to the vile enactment which they have ignored. In such a condition of public feeling, and such as issue pending, it were idle fancy to suppose the remarkency of the existing federation possible."

The I savale cotton factory in Baltimore was destroy by fire on the 16th inst. Less, \$20,000.

[From the Boston Itmes, June 22.]

We do not mean to say that the New England Guard, the Boston City Guard, of this city, and the New York City Guard, felt proud yesterday, for pride is generally set down as a sin; but it they did not experience a certain sentiment akin to this fail-ing, then they are not human. If they did tod proud, there was every occasion and excuse for de. ing so-and if there was any sin about it, we will

guarantee that the whole was blotted out from the record in the same manner as was the oath of the record in the same manner as was the oath of the record in the same manner as was the oath of the record in the same manner as was the oath of the record in the same manner as was the oath of the record in the same manner was been deep the same pressible. Nature similed most pleasantly, beeple focked on admirably, to diers appeared spiendidly, and arrangements were carried out admirably. Expectations and anticipations generally go shead of the mark, and realization causes slikn disappointment, but in the piesent instance, such was not the case—the former were left clear behindhand, while it is latter experienced a triumph. The beauty of the whole thing was in its informality—the actual cerv mony comes off to cay—it was a meeting of brother and brother, an interchange of military and saccial civility and tiendly feelings, and as such most human. The following is an account of the precedings, at lar as we can allow room for it in our crowded columns.

Fromptly at halfpast 2 o'clock, the hour announced in the company warning, the New England Guard, under command of Cept. Henshaw, and sarmy through Winter street to the Ommon, and res ed on the Tremont street mill, awaiting their brethren in arms, the City Guard. In a few ments the latter cops appeared, under command of Capt. Sleparid, upon t e ground; and after receiving the customary salue, corresponding to the "How are you, my friend?" of civil estiquate, fell in line of batallou, under the adjustancy of exclass. Jonas H. Fernech, and under command of Capt. Sleparid, upon t e ground; and after receiving the customary salue, corresponding to the "How are you, my friend?" of civil estiquate, fell far line of batallous desired, and an extension of the same and the

extent. In conclusion, Mr. Commander, allow me again to extend to you and the corps under your command, a most cordial welcome to the city of Boston.

Capt. Ferris responded to the remarks of the Mayor, stating that all along the route of their excursion there was no place they had looked forward to with so much interest as Boston. He had already experienced the hospitality of Boston people, and knew it to be most extensive, and now that they had arrived, it was the ultimatum of their hopes.

Immediately after the conclusion of Capt. Ferris! remarks, the battalion marched directly to the American House, where the whole body stacked arms in the court, and performed refreshing ablutions in the hasin of the fountain. At the expiration of half am hour, at five o'clock, the order was given to fall in, which was done like a band of brothers, a man of each company being arm in arm with each other—N. E. G. on the right, B. C. G. in the middle, and the N. Y. C. G. on the left. The doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and all hands assembled around the most sum prouse collation that we have ever seen spread. This is no exaggeration—it is the plain fact. Every delicary, both in season and out of reason, was provided in abundance, and as often as the plates were emptied, they were filled again, so that when the company rose from the table, there was as much provision on it as when they first sat down. The fare, indeed, was most excellent, and what is more, it was not neglected.

It would be useless to attempt to give an extended and minute account of the intellectual feast after the physical appetite had been satisfied. Capt. Hepshaw made some most excellent remarks, welcoming the New York guests, and saying that it was an event to which be had looked forward with the greatest pleasure. He paid a high compliment to the B. C. G., and gave a sentiment:—

The New York City Guard, the Boston City Guard, and the New England Guard—May the bond of union which unites us this day never be severed.

Capt. Shapard, of the B. C. G., responded, and clered with the following:—

unites us this day never be severed.

Capt. Shepard, of the B. C. G., responded, and clesed with the following:—

The health, prosperity and perpetual good fortune of our guests from New York.—May they through all timesertend to the people their example, as shown by their columns and conduct this day.

Capt. Ferris remarked that his words were not needed by old friends whom he felt himself amongst, but he would speak a word of thanks for his men, a portion of whom were strangers. Hospitality in Beaten floated in clouds—they were surrounded and overcome by it, but saill it was their way of doing things, and as they had got into it, they must submit to it, and he doubted if they would find it hard to take. He closed with the sentiment:—

The N. E. G., the B. C. G., and the N. Y. C. G.—a tricity—a glorious trinity. ("Andd Lang Syne," by the Brigade Band, all standing and singing.)

Speeches and sentiments were also given by Adj. Jonas H. French, Lieut. Upham, of the N. Y. C. G. Asst. Quartermaster Samuel Hathaway, Lieutenant Potter, and othern, all off hand and social, and therefore most agreeable, until half-past seven, when the company left the hail, perfectly satisfied with everything. The line was immediately formed, and taking pity topen the travelwore, but fine spirited and whole-souled New Yorkers, who seemed as fresh as ever, the march was taken up for Union Hall, the quarters assigned for their occupation while in Beaton. These have been fornished in a most comfortable manner. In the supper rooms, tables which will accommodate at least two hundred are arranged for the collation, &c. In another room—the drawing room to the hail—are beds and other furniture for the efficiers. In a spacious and well ventilated hall are twenty-five cottage bedsteads, with good mattresses, and mirrors and other furniture, intended for the accommodation of the corps. Another room is appropriated for the hand.

At eight o'clock the New York Company were left to take their reat, while the New Englanders and the City Guard, after